



FROM MAINE TO FLORIDA.  
THE ANNUAL MIGRATION OF THE BATHING-GIRL.



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## Cartoons and Comments

### THE COST OF PEACE.

VERY briefly and very bluntly General SHERMAN defined war as hell. There are plenty of signs, particularly among Old World nations, that "a war footing" is also much to the inferno. A war is expensive while it lasts and for a good while afterward, but a war has one advantage over preparations for war. A war comes to an end. It has a finish somewhere on the calendar, and home folks sing "When This Cruel War is Over" with reasonable certainty that some day it *will* be over. Not so "a war footing" and costly war preparations. They go on and on like a snowball down an endless hill, gathering, amassing, and no finish in sight. It is this phase of the subject that is getting on the nerves of Europe. "It is one of the chief aims of civilization that the trammels and burdens of government should rest ever more lightly upon the governed," writes a London correspondent, "but 1910 witnessed a heavier increase in compulsory levies for public purposes throughout Europe than any of its predecessors. Nearly every budget among the great Powers is now on a war basis, and it seems a foregone conclusion that those of 1911 will soar still higher." Considering the fact that at the present moment the nations of the world have £140,000,000 worth of battleships under construction, a new altitude record for budgets may be confidently expected. And after 1911 come 1912, 1913, and so on *ad infinitum*—unless something happens. What

that something will be is a question that folks, and big folks, are asking each other. Peace hath her tax-rate, it seems, no less rotund than war, and the blessings of peace, which we are wont to speak of so feelingly, come higher and higher each year. In fact, of all the commodities which have gone steadily up in price, peace is the most conspicuous, and whatever "happens" will happen because of its increased cost. Everywhere, in Europe especially, the price of maintaining a war establishment is

chargeable direct to the thrifty, hard-working masses, to the middle classes, and the peasantry. It is their privilege to bear the growing burdens of peace-keeping, to pay the Dreadnought bills, and to look pleasant. They furnish, as it were, the sinews of peace, and in the event of war they furnish likewise the human frames which are to be riddled with shot, or such shot as the Peace Congress decides is humane enough for modern civilization. Some day these bill-payers will protest in large numbers in all countries, and then probably the world will discover that peace has been costing altogether too much; that men will find less expensive ways of not killing each other than the present method of carrying more and more guns in each other's presence. Our only fear is that before that time arrives peace may become so intolerably burdensome financially that nations will go to war simply for relief.



PALS.

"AS OUR Government is bound by treaty regulation, a foreigner can send into the United States an eleven-pound package for eight cents a pound, while the best the citizens of the United States can do is to send four pounds by mail at 16 cents a pound. When I realized that I got busy." — Congressman SULZER.

When the people of the United States realize that, they will get busy. Some day they will tire of tariffs which give American goods at cheap rates to foreigners, and postal regulations which deny to United States citizens the privileges which foreigners enjoy in the United States. Getting the dirt end of everything, all the time, will ultimately become wearisome.





EXPLAINED.

CHINESE GUIDE. — There is a legend, sir, that at certain times the god rains money upon this region.

AMERICAN TOURIST. — Huh! Get the idea out of your head right now. That's only the money that's been sunk in American gold mines coming through!

A WOMAN'S WAY.

**A**LAS for me! Though fancy free,  
I cry "Alas!" because, you see,  
The while some chaps their freedom prize,  
I know a pair of hazel eyes  
That always seem to smile at me.

I cannot make a fervent plea,  
Nor woo upon a bended knee.  
She laughs at me until she cries.  
Alas for me!

Another chap there is, and he  
Has fortune and a pedigree,  
And armed with these he vainly tries  
To win her heart; but she replies:  
"I'll wait awhile." Now, can she be  
A lass for me?

Sam S. Stinson.

DAUNTLESS.

"**H**E CLEARED the sill at a bound and vanished in the darkness!" related Romance, breathlessly.

"But," scoffed Realism, "only a moment ago he was riveted to the spot. Did he file the rivets?"

"Oh, no!" rejoined Romance, nothing daunted. "Fortunately it was only a small spot, so that by a superhuman effort he wrenched it loose and carried it along with him!"

UNHEALTHFUL.

**F**OR NEAR a thousand years Rome sat on her seven hills. Then she began to decline.

"These sedentary pursuits do tell on one sooner or later!" sighed the Mistress of the World.

"Meanwhile the learned doctors were making all sorts of guesses as to what ailed her."

NURSED SERPENTS.

**I**N his annual report the Secretary of the Treasury says that there is less smuggling now than formerly. Good news, indeed. Unfortunately, in the same issue of the newspaper where the Secretary's report appeared, was a news item telling of the detention of a wealthy American woman who had neglected to declare a small item of about \$20,000 in jewelry when she arrived from Europe. Several days before, a pearl necklace had been deftly frisked out of the hat of another woman by customs inspectors.

Most of the tourists who go abroad from this country to spend two weeks and four days in the dizzy whirl of Paris and other foreign cities, give the customs officials no trouble when they return; neither do they do the national conscience any hurt. When they get off the ship they are dead-broke, and everyone knows it. They have each two pairs of gloves, an umbrella, and three hundred postcards; and after the customs men have thumbed over those articles, and poked at the soiled linen in the steamer trunks, these honorable Americans trot out at the door of the pier and go back to work uncomplainingly for another sixteen years.

It is a peculiar situation. The average American, partly on account of the high tariff, can't get money enough ahead to smuggle anything; while the capitalists, most of whom got their money through the tariff in one way or another, are trying to beat it. It looks like rank ingratitude on somebody's part.



TO THE ANT.

**G**O to the ant, thou hustler! He, like you, is a social being, which means that he too stirs to the great principle of rivalry, and will beat or bust. His destiny is inferior to yours. He is less gifted in the devices of competition. Cheating and the subtler forms of oppression are largely beyond him, so that his horizon is relatively narrow.

But he conceives that he has wrought great things when he has done nothing but pile up dirt for the rain to wash down, and therein he will remind you of yourself, if you know yourself.



A DANGEROUS CROSSING.

"And," said the fortune-teller, "an enemy will shortly cross your path."

"Gee!" quoth the automobilist. "I hope he does it where there ain't any speed limits."

**F**aith and Hope do manage somehow to squeeze into many a small soul where  
Charity, being the greatest of the three, can find no entrance.



NEVER TOO LATE TO GET HUNK.

DEACON FLINT.—Jane, if I die I wish you'd marry Deacon Skinner.  
MRS. DEACON FLINT.—And why, Amos?  
DEACON FLINT.—Wall, Abe Skinner beat me on a hoss trade once!

ON THE STREET.

THERE was also a Gentleman, the son of rich but honest parents, who deposited all his surplus cash as collateral for five thousand shares, full-paid and non-assessable, of the Healthy Chance Mining Corporation, which he bought at 2½. Prodigal his godly friends called him, and a zany, and added a few adjectives.

The stock dropped to 1½, and he regretted that living was costly. His friends (godly men) declared him a gambler who reaped his just deserts, and pointed at him the palpitating finger of scorn.

The stock fluctuated nervously, and rose to 3. The friends (and they were godly men, too) smiled pityingly as they observed his smile, and held converse with him upon the moral degradation arising from speculation.

The stock leaped gayly to 15½, and the Gentleman, now recognized as a shrewd investor, paid the luncheon check for his godly friends, who rejoiced in his success, yet feared that it was due to wicked and unholy manipulation.

The stock journeyed onward and upward to 35. The Gentleman laughed raucously at the tariff, even while his friends (those godly fellows) saw that capitalists are ethically justified, provided that the ends are sufficiently provided with means. Besides, the Gentleman was a Power.

The stock carromed off a panic, and rested quietly at 100. The Gentleman, hailed by the godly brethren as a Captain of Industry, sold out. One by one the friends came to him (and they were godly, too) and said:

"Under your hat, Pedro, don't you know of a good thing for me?" Selah!

Harold Everett Porter.

ANALOGIES.

YOU'LL have to show me—I'm from Missouri.  
You'll have to hold me—I'm from Chicago.  
You'll have to forget me—I'm from Oyster Bay.  
You'll have to pity me—I'm from Battle Creek.  
You'll have to love me—I'm from East Aurora.  
You'll have to pardon me—I'm from Atlanta.

HOW TO KEEP A FRIEND.

ALWAYS ask him how much he won at poker, and express surprise if he says he lost.

Tell him he looks well in any old hat if he asks your opinion of his new headpiece.

Agree with him that his home town is a good place to come from, and don't emphasize "come."

Never try to borrow money.

Don't criticize his neckties or his moustache.

Don't correct his French.

Laugh when he tells a joke, but don't try to tell him any.

Let him alone when he becomes foolish about some girl.

Ask him why he never pursued the study of music when he tries to show you how the latest song-hit goes, and don't smile when you do it.

Assure him that you could n't think of presuming to advise him if he asks your opinion on any weighty subject or the stock market, for example.

Obey these rules, and he will tell your acquaintances that you are a Good Guy, but absolutely colorless.

Roy R. Atkinson.



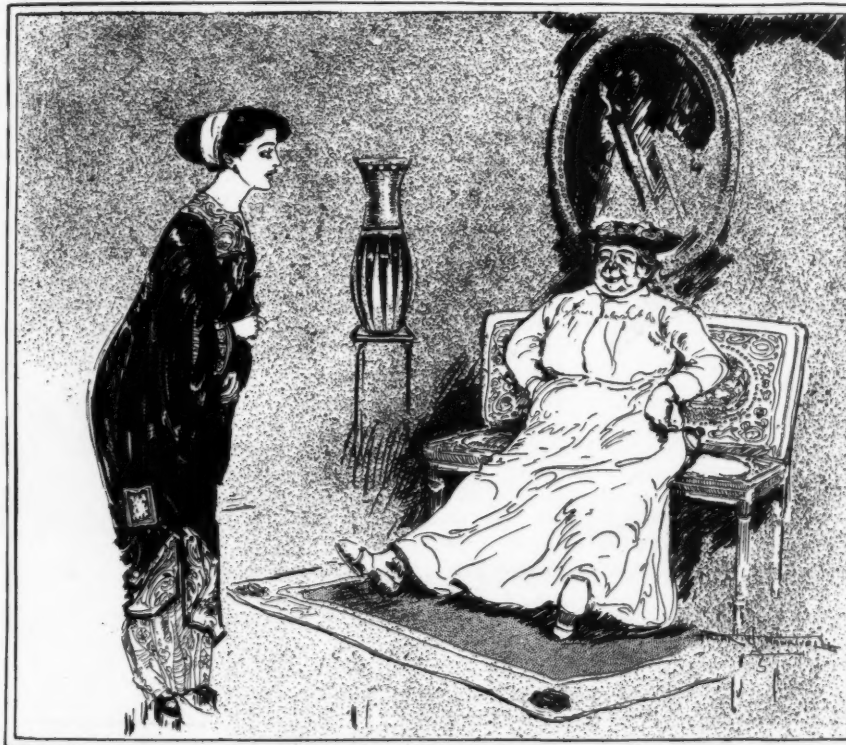
THE GIFT CIGAR.

"Thanks, but I never use tobacco in any form!"  
"So? Then you might just as well smoke that!"

FEARED WATER.

WILLIS.—Are those Kentucky horses you bought scared of autos?

GILLIS.—No indeed. They never notice a train, either; but I can't get them used to a sprinkling-cart to save my life!



A PERFECT JEWEL.

"You say you have no references? What explanation have you for that?"

"Why, yer see, Mum, I've always stayed in wan place until the paypie doid, Mum!"

**M**arrying for love is about the only foolish thing we do that turns out all right in the end.





WHEREIN THE TYPEWRITER LADY GIVES HIM A SURPRISE.

OUR typewriter lady's a pippin,  
A highly delectable peach;  
I thought I'd persuade her to come  
when I made her  
A nice little bow and a speech.  
I said: "I would take thee this even  
To see the new musical show,  
They tell me it's witty and tuneful  
and pretty,  
The tickets are purchased, wilt go?"

"Believe me," she murmured, "I'd like to,  
But I fear that it cannot be did;  
The boss would be hot, he would go  
simply dotty,  
And raise a big row with me, Kid."  
"The boss? Why, it's none of his business!"  
I said, with a whole lot of vim;  
"Oh, it is," she replied, as she giggled  
and sighed,  
"I'm going to be married to him!"

No use! I was meant for a hoodoo,  
A lemon, a quince, and a lime;  
Whenever I spot 'em there's some one  
else got 'em,  
I lose in the deal every time.  
I guess I'm not hep to the ladies,  
I guess I'm a novice, a shine,  
Whenever I've found 'em and lingered  
around 'em  
They surely have handed me mine!

Berton Braley.



HOSPITALITY.  
THE CONVIVIAL HOST'S IDEA OF IT.

#### FROM THE POLKVILLE CLARION.

**I**T GIVES us genuine pleasure to announce the forthcoming marriage of Miss Nellette Mae, the charming and accomplished daughter of our genial fellow-townsmen and heaviest advertiser, the Hon. John B. Stonecipher, who has just completed the handsome new Stonecipher Block, a credit indeed to any burg even twice the size of our prosperous little city, which will be solemnized at

the commodious residence of the bride's father on the 27th inst. by the Rev. Busenbark.

The Hon. Mr. Stonecipher informs us that had not the dray broken down while the safe was in transit, the Stonecipher Bank, of which Lionel Stonecipher, the Hon.'s eldest son, will continue to be, as heretofore, the cashier, would now be in its handsome new quarters in the Block. But, as it is, that well-known financial institution, which has almost the strength of a Gibraltar, will be forced to remain *in statu quo*, with the safe on its back in the mud at the south side of the Square, until the dray can be repaired. The Orient Restaurant, of which Earl Stonecipher is the adept manager, is already installed in the rear room of the new building, where it will have much more elegant quarters in which to cater to the most exacting and epicurious of

our citizens. Roy Stonecipher's Palace Barber Shop is safely ensconced in the little room on the south side of the new bank. The Stonecipher Silver Cornet Band, of which Roy is the leader, will practice in the Palace every Tuesday and Friday night.

We are also informed that the elegant new Stonecipher Grand Opera House, in the second story of the Block, will be opened with a sterling dramatic attraction at an early date under the able management of John B., Jr. Polkville has every reason to be proud of her new Palace of Art.

John B., Sr., scoffed when we hinted of the rumor which is rife that as soon as he gets his charming daughter off his hands he may himself embark on the smiling sea of matrimony, and declared that he was too busy with his interests just mentioned, together with his real-estate and fire-insurance business and the promotion of the new Stonecipher Heights Addition, to have time to play the gallant. But, as we fancied we detected a twinkle in his eye when he made the denial, we'll say, in case it *should* happen, here's our hand on it, Honorable!

We inadvertently failed to learn the name of the happy man who is to lead Miss Stonecipher to the altar, but he certainly has our heartiest and warmest congratulations. It is said that the nigger whom the safe fell on may recover, although at the hour of going to press his condition was critical.

Tom. P. Morgan.



THE PICTURE OF DESPAIR.

"After the treasurer skipped with the receipts, the company sat around with their heads in their hands."—Dramatic Item.



HE BELIEVES IN SIGNS NO MORE.



"My goodness! Danger!! It can't be possible the ice is unsafe after this hard freeze."



"I've tested the ice all around, and it seems all right."



"Danger to your —! Well, I'll be —!!"

#### THE AUCTION.

**G**reat day. Folks have come from miles around because it is not only a sale but a social event. On a platform in front of the barn stands the auctioneer—a merry, fluent, white-whiskered importation from Gilesburg, twenty-four miles away.

**AUCTIONEER.**—Now, my good people, I have here in my hands a half a sack of—(aside) what is this, George? (to the multitude)—a half sack of beets. We've got a lot of dead beets up our way (loud laughter), but these are live beets. Who wants 'em? Who'll give me a bid?

**HORRIBLE YAP.**—Five cents!

**AUC.**—Five cents—thank you. You ain't going to beat yourself on this, are you? (Laughter.) I'm offered five cents for this sack of beets. Who'll give me ten?

**OLD MAN HAWKINS** (squealing).—Ten cents!

**AUC.**—Thank you, Uncle. I'm offered ten cents for this bag of beets, and they are not dead beets, either. (General snicker.) Who'll give me fifteen? Fifteen?

[Mrs. Bidders is about to bid fifteen, but doesn't decide quick enough, and the words are taken out of her mouth by Bill Hoover, who says loudly: "I'll give ye fifteen cents!"]

**AUC.**—Fifteen cents for a sack of beets, and all live ones! Who'll make it twenty?

**O. M. H.**—Twenty!

**AUC.**—Twenty! Make it twenty-five?

**H. Y.**—Twenty-five!

**AUC.** (Very much excited).—Twenty-five! Make it thirty!

**H. Y.** (still more excited).—Thirty!

**AUC.** (after the usual agony).—Sold to this gentleman for thirty cents. All good, aren't they, Uncle?

**H. Y.** (opening bag).—Them ain't beets—them's carrots.

**AUC.**—So they are, Uncle, so they are. Carrots are better than dead beets, ain't they? (General titter of approval. He proceeds to the next article and the next joke.) **R. L. Leigh.**

#### USING FREEDOM.

**I**t is not that we have too much freedom in this country. Freedom wouldn't hurt us even if our navy were but half as large or our President twice as large as at present.

The trouble is that we are too conscious of what freedom we have. We cherish it so highly that we dread to use it, like the old-fashioned housewife with her front parlor or her silver spoons. We sing about it and prate about it. We brag, blow, bluster, and boast about it. We do everything but make use of it. We treat it as a fetish rather than furniture, as a tag rather than a tool, as an end rather than a means.

A century and a quarter ago we jumped to the conclusion that we were free, and immediately settled down to the belief that, once free, always free, as if freedom

were a kind of insignia which, when once conferred, became inalienable; as if it were a kind of niche in a hall of fame, and once filled stayed filled till the last moment of eternity. Nobody is ever removed from a hall of fame. But freedom is different. It is more like bathing. You must keep right at it. **Ellis O. Jones.**

#### THE AVERAGE.

**T**he average man proposes once, The average woman takes him. If he won't propose (Lord only knows Just how 't is done) she makes him.

**T**he newest fashion, like any other new thing, will always arouse somebody's misgivings. Once, no doubt, there were those to whom even a fig-leaf looked extreme.



#### THE GREAT WHITE WAY.



#### WEATHER TIP:

IT FEELS JUST LIKE SNOW.

**A** benefactor is a man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and lets no grass grow under his feet while he is doing so.



THE PUCK PRESS

## PROTECTION TWEEDLEDEE AND PR

AROUND ELECTION TIME AT THE SHOP.

THE HIGH-PROTECTIONIST.—Of course, men, I don't wish to dictate to you, or to tell you for whom to vote, but I think it is only fair to you to say that if the tariff-reform candidate is elected, these mills will have to shut down. The prosperity of the nation depends on your ballot.

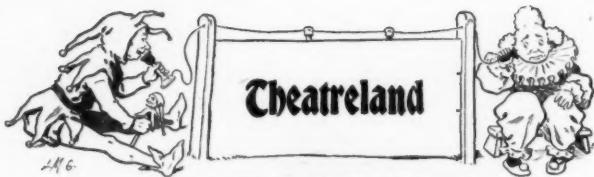




E AND PROTECTION TWEEDLEDUM.

ON HIS RETURN FROM A TRIP ABROAD.

SAME HIGH-PROTECTIONIST.—Such espionage is an insult, and such tariff duties are outrageous! They are nothing less than out-and-out confiscation of property! That such oppression and tyranny should be practised in free America is incredible! What is the country coming to!



WEEK BEGINNING JANUARY NINTH.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Pl. Academy of Music Stock Company. Evenings 8:15. In repertoire.

Astor, Bway and 45th. "The Aviator," with Wallace Eddinger. Evening 8:20. A comedy of aviation.

Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Ditrichstein. Evenings 8:15. Americanized version of a German farce.

Bijou, Bway and 30th. Henry Miller in "The Havoc." Evenings 8:30. A modern drama.

Broadway, Bway and 41st. Dustin Farnum in "The Silent Call." Evenings at 8. A story of "The Squaw Man's" son.

Casino, Bway and 39th. "Marriage à la Carte." Evenings 8:15. A new musical comedy.

Circle, Broadway and 60th. Lew Fields's production of "The Midnight Sons." Evenings 8:20. A mixture of music and dancing.

Collier's Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. William Collier in "I'll Be Hanged If I Do." Evenings 8:30. A comedy contrasting New York and Nevada.

Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque, Matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.

Criterion, Bway and 44th. William Gillette in "Secret Service." Evenings 8:15. A war drama.

Daly's, Bway and 30th. "Baby Mine." Evenings 8:30. A comedy farce.

Empire, Broadway and 40th. Edith Barrymore in "Trelawny of the Wells." Evenings 8:15. Sir A. W. Pinero's comedy.

Gaiety, Bway and 46th. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence man.

Garrick, 35th bet. 5th and 6th Aves. Annie Russell in "The Impostor." Evenings 8:20. A new play by Leonard Merrick and Michael Morton.

George M. Cohan's. George M. Cohan in "The Little Chauffeur." Opening date announced later.

Globe, Bway and 46th. Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess," with Joseph Cawthorne. Evenings 8:20. A typical music show.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. "The Third Degree." Evenings 8:15. Showing the inner workings of police justice.

Hackett, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Over Night." Evenings 8:20. A new farcical comedy.

Herald Square, Bway and 35th. Lulu Glaser in "The Girl and the Kaiser." Evenings 8:15. An imported operetta.

Hippodrome, 6th Av. 43d and 44th. "The International Cup." Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.

Hudson, Broadway and 44th. Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Evenings 8:30. A farcical romance by Avery Hopwood.

Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Knickerbocker, Bway and 39th. Closed for rehearsals of "Chantecler."

Among the White Lights.



XII.—MRS. LESLIE CARTER IN "TWO WOMEN."

Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Christie Macdonald in "The Spring Maid." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy.

Lyceum, Bway and 45th. Billy Burke in "Suzanne." Evenings 8:20. A new comedy from the French.

Lyric, 43d St. W. of Bway. "The Deep Purple." Evenings 8:15. A drama built around the badger game.



CONSISTENT TO THE LAST.

McROONEY.—How long was Pat sick, Mrs. Clancy?  
MRS. CLANCY.—Only two days, Mr. McRooney.  
McROONEY.—Sure, Pat was always a hustler!

Majestic, 8th Av. at Park Circle. "The Blue Bird." Evenings 8:30. A fairy play about children for grown-ups.

Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "The Gamblers," with George Nash. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life.

Nazimova's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "We Can't be as Bad as All That." Evenings 8:15. A society drama by Henry Arthur Jones.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Madame Sherry," with Lina Abarbanell and Ralph Herz. Evenings 8:15. A musical show.

New Theatre, Cent. Park West, 62d and 63d Sts. New Theatre Stock Co. in "Vanity Fair," with Marie Tempest. Evenings 8:15.

New York, Bway and 45th. Emma Trentini in "Naughty Marietta," with Orville Harrold. Evenings 8:10. A comic opera in English.

Republic, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Evenings 8:15. From the stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. "Pomander Walk," with the original English company. Evenings at 8:15. A comedy of happiness.

Weber's, Bway and 29th. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with Truly Shattuck and John McCloskey. Evenings 8:15. A German farce with music.

L. H.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW.

I do not love you, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why I'll quickly tell:  
That dope you gave me tastes like ———,  
I do not love you, Doctor Fell!

LUNCH AND LUNCHEON.

THERE is a very great difference between a "lunch" and a "luncheon." At a luncheon there are tea and wafers. The refreshments are not handed around nor passed—they are served. One partakes of a luncheon. The napkin is laid across one knee, which is carefully parallel to the other knee. The tea is tasted or sipped; the crackers are nibbled. In breaking the crackers or sipping the tea the two last fingers must be held forth at an angle, while the thumb and the other two fingers do most of the work.

The only things one talks about at a luncheon are the weather and personalities. One laughs "He-he!"

A lunch is not at all like this. It often includes stuffed eggs and spring chicken. It comes out of a basket or hamper.

You use all your fingers on both hands, and lick pie or butter off them if you feel like it.

You talk about anything and everything. Jokes are all right, even practical ones.

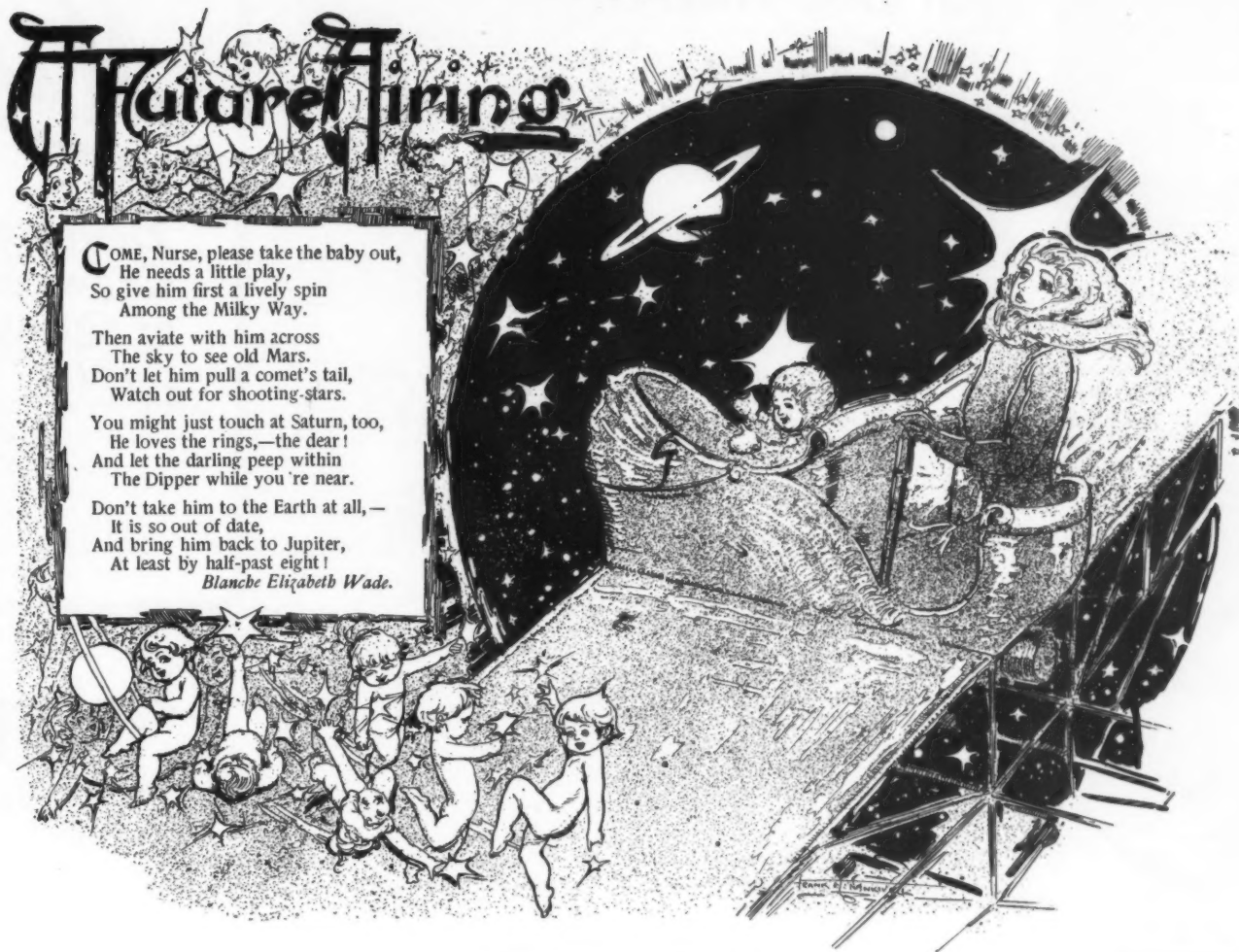
You laugh "Ha-ha!" and eat.  
Hamilton Fope Galt.



LOOKS IT.

SALOON-KEEPER.—Well, what do you want?  
TONY (pointing to ticker).—How much you wanta for da macarona machine?





COME, Nurse, please take the baby out,  
He needs a little play,  
So give him first a lively spin  
Among the Milky Way.

Then aviate with him across  
The sky to see old Mars.  
Don't let him pull a comet's tail,  
Watch out for shooting-stars.

You might just touch at Saturn, too,  
He loves the rings,—the dear!  
And let the darling peep within  
The Dipper while you're near.

Don't take him to the Earth at all,—  
It is so out of date,  
And bring him back to Jupiter,  
At least by half-past eight!

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

#### A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

THAT MORNING.

"FRED, you *must* get yourself a new suit. I'm positively ashamed of you in those rags. Besides, trouser cuffs look awfully seedy in winter. I don't see how you can let yourself get into such a state. But I suppose you enjoy having your sister think that I don't take care of your clothes, and spend all your money on mine. Anyway, that blue serge is hopeless. Promise me that you'll order a new suit to-day."

"Yes, dear."

"By the way, those storage people sent home my furs in a simply frightful state. Of course, they were worn out, really, last spring. I saw the grandest set of mink in Gieglestein's to-day. Only \$99.98. Don't you think I ought to grab it before someone else does? Such a bargain! Pure Persian mink! Or is it Prussian? Anyway, it's gorgeous and you're perfectly sweet to let me have it. There! You don't think I'm extravagant, do you?"

"Yes, dear."

"You *do*! Well, of all things in this-world! Why, Mrs. Thorsell spends a thousand dollars a year on stockings alone. Every woman I know has twice as much money for dress as I do. Look at the old hat I've been wearing ever since last month! It's a perfect sight. Do you want your wife to look like a frump? This is the only whole pair of shoes I've got to my name. And after I saved so well on the new suit I bought yesterday. Only \$85! I might have paid \$150 if I hadn't known you would grumble about it. But I paid \$85, and saved just that much so I could buy my opera cloak."

I don't care, Fred, I've got to have something on my back. Of course, if I had known you were going to buy a new suit this week I could have waited until next week for mine."

"Yes, dear."

"Fred! Do not take that sneering tone with me! I'm sure I never object to your spending money on clothes. In fact, I urge you to do it. Didn't I insist on your getting that suit you have on last April? It isn't every man that has two suits a year. Mr. Thorsell looks simply shabby. But when a man has that kind of a wife there's never anything left to clothe himself. Well, good-by, dear. I may run downtown a little later and do a little shopping."



A SURE SIGN.

"Is he a stranger here in New York?"

"Must be. He knows every theatre, lobster palace, and gambling-joint in town."

I must have a new corset before my evening gown is fitted. I suppose you think that \$116.23 was too much to pay for that evening gown, too. And only \$40 to have it made. But there, I won't scold you any more. Good-by."

THAT EVENING.

"Is that you, Fred?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, you old darling. Come and see the excruciating bargain I got at Spielheim's. An automobile coat—only \$77! I saw it while I was buying a couple of silk waists, and I fairly snatched it out of another woman's hands. It's a *sample*! Right from Paris! Isn't it *too* bad we haven't got an automobile? But I shall have something to wear when Mrs. Thorsell finally gets around to taking us out in theirs—if she ever does. Isn't it strange how selfish some people are when it comes to giving another a little pleasure?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did you order your suit of clothes?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, *did* you! That's good—only I thought perhaps you would n't—this week—when we've so many other expenses. However,—oh, is that the sample? I don't like it. I don't see *why* you always buy grays. They're so common. You had to pay a deposit? Five dollars! Why, how perfectly absurd! Those tailors are regular thieves. And you buying a suit every little while. Now I shan't feel able to get my new set of hair this week! What is it going to cost you in all? Twenty-five dollars!"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, they charged you enough for it, didn't they?"

Chester Firkins.

**The self-made man remembers his past for the same reason that the self-made woman forgets hers.**

SAM BERNARD was strolling down Broadway one afternoon, and stopped to watch men at work on a derailed trolley. All the passengers were on one side of the street, except one woman. She was on the curb, apparently wishing to cross, but afraid. As Bernard came near, she asked him: "Would it give me a shock if I should put my foot on this street-car rail?"

"No, madam," answered Mr. Bernard as he lifted his hat and bowed, "not unless you should put your other foot on the trolley wire." — *Sunday Magazine*.

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STELLA.—This is so sudden, but I am sure father will consent. — *The Sun*.

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A Western politician tells the following story as illustrating the inconveniences attached to campaigning in certain sections of the country:

Upon his arrival at one of the small towns in South Dakota, where he was to make a speech the following day, he found that the so-called hotel was crowded to the doors. Not having telegraphed for accommodations, the politician discovered that he would have to make shift the best he could. Accordingly, he was obliged for that night to sleep on a wire cot which had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As the politician is an extremely fat man, he found his improvised bed anything but comfortable.

"How did you sleep?" asked a friend in the morning.

"Fairly well," answered the fat man, "but I looked like a waffle when I got up." — *Lippincott's*.

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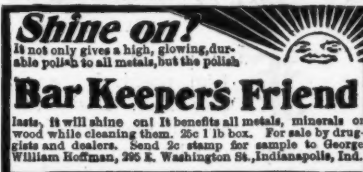
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SHE.—Well, that's not a bad riding habit. — *Exchange*.

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BROWNE.—And you forgot to mail it?  
WHYTE.—You bet I did n't. It was to her mother, who was coming to make us a visit, telling her not to come.  
—*Somerville Journal*.

#### FRIGID TASK.

The bold drummer had just kissed the Boston maid.  
"Oh, sir," she cried, in a horrified tone, "no man ever kissed me before."  
"Well," rejoined the b. d., "I suppose somebody had to break the ice."  
—*Chicago News*.

#### REALLY DIPLOMATIC.

MAY.—What do you mean by saying that Maude is "more or less pretty"?  
TOM.—Well, she's more pretty than most girls and less pretty than you.—*Cleveland Leader*.

#### A SCARECROW.

MISS BRUSH.—I suppose you don't mind me being in your field, Mr. Gobel?  
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### THE IRRESISTIBLE TEMPTATION.

Elisha's chariot of fire was vanishing in the distance when the constable arrived.

"That old chap's a-hittin' her up at a high old rate of speed," he said, gazing at the distant vehicle. "Any of you fellers happen to ketch his number?"

"Nothin' doin'," murmured the crowd.

"Have ye got any idee who it wuz?" inquired the constable.

"Yes," replied a bystander. "It was old Elisha."

"Wa-al, I wanter know!" ejaculated the constable. "What's this country comin' to, when our very best folks'll go an' violate the speed laws like that?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

"YONDER is a beach camera fiend," said the first bathing girl. "They are disgusting I think."

"This one is particularly disgusting," declared the second bathing girl. "After I had posed all morning for his benefit, he ate his lunch from that box."—*Washington Herald*.

*Peabody*

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—Schalk.

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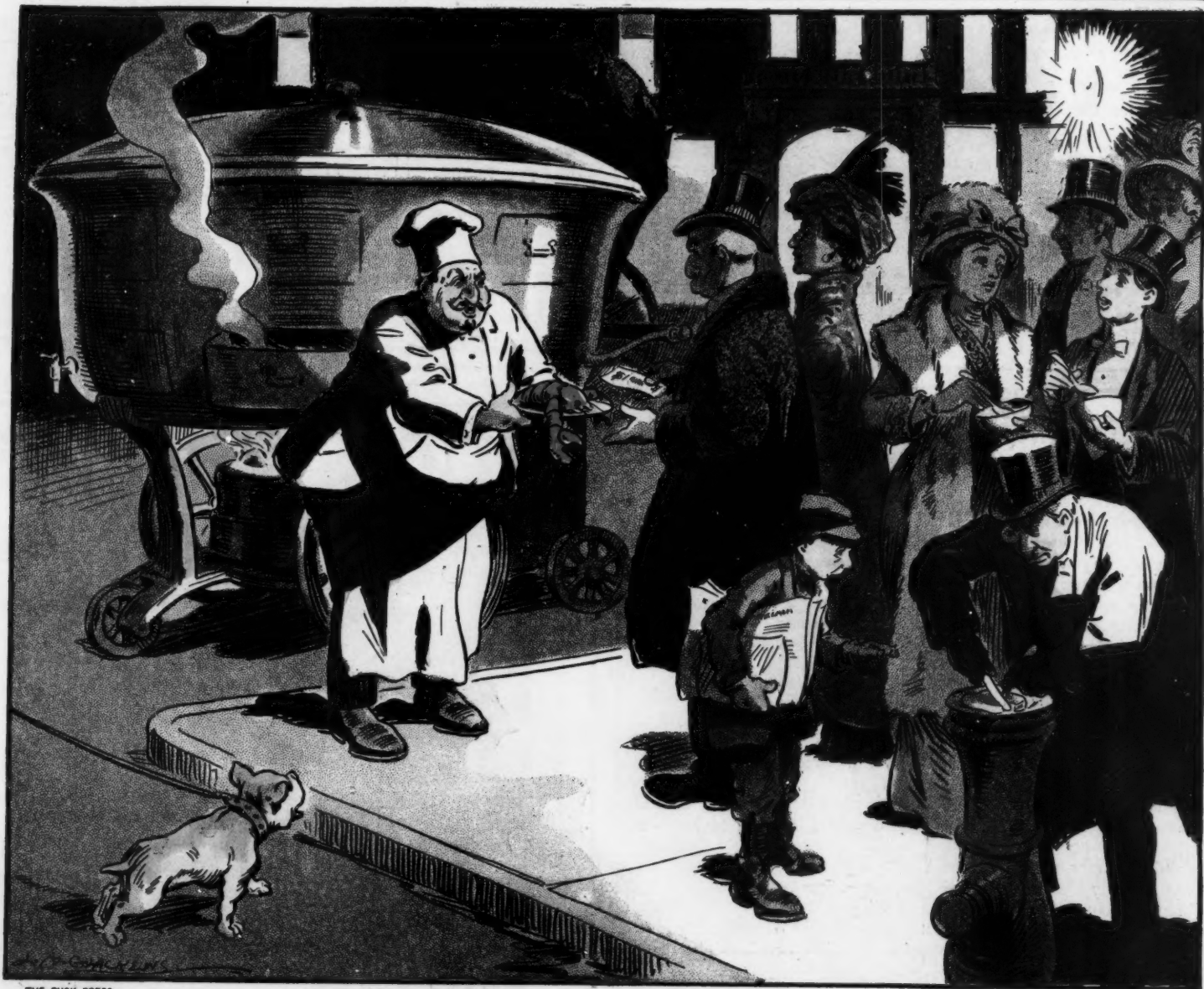
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